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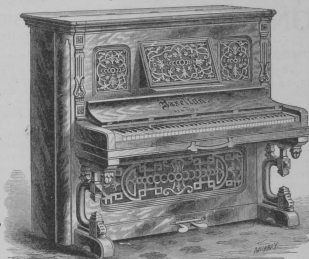
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Vol. VII. JUNE, 1884. No. 6.

MUSIC AS A LANGUAGE.

T. AUGUSTINE tells us that one day a famous Athenian, being at a banquet, was asked to play the lyre.

"I cannot," replied the warrior.

"Cannot!" echoed the party, "what then can you do?"

"I can make a small State Great," was the caustic reply.

And no doubt this would be a very convenient answer for many unmusical gentlemen of the present day, if they were all as great and famous as Themistocles. But as it did not occur even to the Athenian hero from loss of reputation, for Cicero tells us that he lost it. "Themistocles," says Plutarch (Diap. 1, 2). And we can easily understand how this was the case. For Quintillian, Cicero, and others agree that music was in the very greatest repute both in Greece and Rome. Strabo declared that music was the work of God. Plutarch calls it the universal science. Quintillian says that it is joined to the knowledge of divine things; that the wisest men were studious of music; and that it formed part of the education of youth from the days of Chiron and Achilleus. The Fathers of the Church, too, are of the same opinion as the old philosophers; and whilst St. Chrysostom tells us that music so elevates the mind, and inspires it with love of wisdom, Cassiodorus asserts that it lessens sorrow, softens cruelty, and excites to activity. These assertions (which he thought exaggerated, nevertheless they are fair testimonials of the high esteem in which music was held in those times. They clearly prove that man believes that music had a great and peculiar influence over the human heart and mind.

And now let us ask how it was, and still is, that music enjoys such esteem? What is the secret of its influence? What is it that puts music on a par with poetry and eloquence? Is music, then, a second language?—a language dissimilar to speech, needed in its formation, in its directness of expression, and in the universality of its use; but similar to it in its general media, equal to it, at least in giving pleasure, and far superior to it in arousing our passions and emotions? Let us approach the answer. Man is naturally delighted with the regularity of measure and variety of movement. To seek these things in sound, is the natural inclination of our constitution. Every organ finds pleasure in its own object, and the ear finds pleasure in music. Hence Novalis said that "all enjoyment is musical." For music pre-eminently employs the representation of those very measures and movements which are so agreeable to our nature. Let us add to this that music has the power of direct and vividly a first reason, or its influence. No man can listen without some measure to the rippling stream, the murmuring waterfall, the warbling of birds, or the regular dip of oars, the martial tread of warriors, the fallacy of the evening sough, the mighty roar of the ocean, or the low, low, low, low, low, low, and tempestuous. But all these sounds are uttered by music, and men feel and recognize the imitation. Now notice well that such a first reason, such an initiation, we are necessarily, though indirectly, reminded of those very things to which these sounds and measures and motions are attached. It is the first step on our way to a conclusion, and now let us proceed.

If music has a pleasure for the mere sense, it has a greater for the inward feelings, and one can hardly deny this. Even Aristotle, whose writings the great Greek describes as "tasting like chopped hay, or like clean, clean, clean," admits it. It is a famous problem on the audible. Plutarch describes at length the excitement undergone by the Spartans on hearing martial airs. Every one of us

has read similar accounts of Highlanders, Switzers, and others, being filled with delight on hearing music unexpectedly, and from the days when people learned good manners by listening to Orpheus, all men have felt the like experience. Yes, Job describes even the horse as rejoicing at the sound of the trumpet; and Shakespeare tells us of "youthful and unhandled colts"—

"You shall perceive them make a martial stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music."

If there be any one still unconvinced, let such a man ask his friend to play for him on the piano in succession, "Champagne" Charlie, and the "Dies Ira," "Slap Bang," and the "Moonlight Sonata." But if even this will not convince him, let him give heed to the following legend:—

A handsome yeoman was resting one evening, three hundred years ago, in a copse in a wood. The moon was shining, of course, and the yeoman was musing; for the same was a poet. And he had repeated certain lines he had lately written:—

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Swing like an incense, sooth and silence and the sweet
Becomes the touches of sweet harmony."

As he said this half aloud, the squire came suddenly upon him; and instantly that squire, being a hearty man, decided that the poet was a peacher. Being also most intensely unmusical, he turned a deaf ear to Will's ranting; and, being a lawyer, he gave poor Shakspere the benefit of the law. But time rolled on, and, on reflection, improved. Will had gained a great name; and, as luck would have it, he one day got a chance of revenging himself on his unmusical adversary. The squire had come to the theatre where Will was engaged. Will perceived him, and, going round to the stage, he inserted the following lines in the play:—

"The man that hath not music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted."

The lawyer took it all to himself, he declared his firm belief in the power of musical language over the affections, and afterward led a virtuous life. We will take the same for granted, and proceed with our argument.

Music has an influence over the emotions of the soul. Now every one, from Aristotle to Schlegel, declares that there is a strong analogy and correspondence between our feelings and ideas. Wherefore we may conclude that, by its power over our affections, music indirectly inspires and suggests ideas to the mind. We have now but one step to the conclusion.

Every one knows the importance to an orator of a good delivery. Emphasis, accent, pace, tones, volume of voice, pitch and force, these are matters of utmost importance to a speaker. The power of expression is half of eloquence. Now in power of expression, music is supreme. This was noticed two thousand years ago by the philosopher, who, in his own dry sententious way, asserted it, when he said that the expressive power of music was such as to represent human actions and manners. And Quintilian was so persuaded of the same truth, that he declared that without music there could be no oratory. For this reason also it is that Twining, with Harve, Beethoven, and others, that music is "even without words," can suggest ideas; and that St. Augustine teaches "that the science of music is probably the science of moving well the mind."

Hence, then, it now seems only fair to conclude that music may be called a language. True there is a certain vagueness about it, and so there is about our own feelings; and, as Schlegel says,

"Music is the outward expression and change of the soul's emotions." Moreover, this vagueness is relative. To an uneducated ear, to a mind that is not a power of forming analogies, to a soul devoid of quick and delicate feeling, this vagueness may be great. But to a musician, cultivated, imaginative, and sensitive, this vagueness dwindles into unnoticeable proportions.

An important conclusion results from what has been said. If music be a language it certainly possesses a magnificent literature. And if we think it worth while to spend our time and energies in acquiring a foreign tongue, for the sake of reading the works in that particular language whose literature is universal, and more extensive, and more delightful than the literature of any national speech spoken on the globe.

NIGHTINGALES IN MEXICO.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MEDICAL REVIEW:

In the April issue of your REVIEW, you published a very interesting article on the nightingale, in which you state that Providence, which has been so magnificently liberal for this continent, had however denied it this marvelous singer of the night. But what you did not state (and that is to be regretted, for nothing is more poetical, any touch, when one speaks of the manner of a bird's death), is that an unfortunate prince imported from Paris ten thousand nightingales, with which he peopled the forests of Mexico.

Alas! they are all that is left of the ephemeral empire exercised by poor Maximilian on the other shore of the Rio Grande. But if a secret thought (shameful, since it has never dared express it,) led this great nation to lend a disloyal assistance to his enemies; if the abandonment of the crowned perpetrator who had sworn to defend him; if the infamy of Bazaine, who foreshadowed in Mexico the treason of Metz, by selling to Juarez the guns and munitions of war, which France had sent for Maximilian's defense; if Lopez, the ignoble Judas, who sold him; if the lies and duplicity of the Catholic Junta, the treason of Marquez, but most of all, fear, caused him to be shot at Queretaro, the singers of the night, his legacy to this continent, yet speak and sing will speak to the hearts of the brave, the cascade of distinct and noble notes, and the imagination of poets of the chivalrous prince whom the ambition of accomplishing great things, brought down from the delightful shades of Miramar to die in Mexico in the garb of a common soldier.

In our parks and woods in Europe, when, on one of those starry, silent and serene nights, as if one were reverie, the nightingale precludes by a few low, timid, almost inarticulate sounds to the dawning trill, the cascade of distinct and noble notes which remind one of a sheaf of sparks spreading out into a luminous fan, or of a torrent which, beneath the rays of the sun should roll down the axis of an endless incline, one listens with ravished ear while the soul seems submerged in a flood of melody, and the eye seems to see the beauty of the heavens, one dreams or one prays; for, according to the mood of one's mind, the nightingale's song is a song of love, a song of war, a patriotic ode, a holy hymn or a prayer which earth addresses to heaven.

But here as well for the young woman who dreams while leaning over her balcony, as for the traveler who lies down in the depths of the woodland wrapped in his *coupe*, can the song of the nightingale be sought for less than an answer?

COURT A. DE VREKINS.

[We should like to hear from some of our readers in Mexico concerning the results of the importation of nightingales mentioned in a recent communication.—Ed. K. M. R.]

Kunkel's Musical Review.

KUNKEL BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

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I. D. FOULON, A.M., LL.B.,

EDITOR.

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THE ARTISTIC CHARACTER.

It seems to be one of the intuitions of our nature to associate as cognate ideas, the good and the beautiful. Unconsciously also we identify the interpreter with the thing interpreted. From these two principles it results that we expect to find in the artist an embodiment of art, and in art, or the expression of æsthetic excellence, the more or less full expression of moral perfection. To our minds the ideal artist, and ever must be, the ideal good man, a sort of latter-day prophet of the Almighty. But this ideal high-priest of art, who has seen him? This is the question we have recently repeatedly asked ourselves, as we have noticed the advertising dodges used to herald the musical virtues or the *prime donne* who come here to ask for the dollars and the applause of American audiences.

What would we think of such advertisements as these: "Mr. Green, the grocer, having been unfortunate in love, asks the patronage of the public, and specially recommends his breakfast bacon;" or, "Mademoiselle Aiguille, the seamstress, having had relations of a more than doubtful character with the Grand Duke of Loegeland, will be glad to charge the ladies of the United States three prices for her services;" or, "Signor Crispino Santo, late cobbler to His Majesty the Prince of Monaco, who once narrowly escaped being eaten for lunch by the King of the Cannibal Islands by winning himself in a game of *euchre* against the hungry monarch, puts on invisible patches superior to the best?" There can be but one answer, and should consider the perpetrators of such advertisements as fit subjects for a commission of *lunatico inquirendo*. And yet such "puffs" would be quite as sensible and modest as are the bulk of those which, under the guise of biographical notices, personal gossip, and so forth, are used to herald the advent of very many musical and other "celebrities." The fact is that the artist of our ideal is no more like the artist of reality than a stage shepherdess is like her prototype of the sheep-farmer. The prophet of the Almighty is often a profane and mercenary Balaam and not unfrequently a lineal descendant of Balaam's seed.

After all, we should bear in mind that æsthetics and ethics, taste and morals, imagination and conscience, have but a very indirect, necessary connection with each other; in other words, that while each may be used as a means of education for the other, that use must be conscious and intentional. The refining and moralizing influence of *art per se* is largely "boosh," as a simple glance at the personnel of the world of artists will show. We do not say this to underrate the value of, or to deny that we understand what it can, and what it cannot do, the sooner we shall value it intelligently and use it accordingly.

Still, the intuitions of our souls are correct: the ideal artist we may never find, but the greatness of each, will doubtless depend, to a great extent, upon his greater or less approach to the ideal perfection of manhood, which the name of artist suggests. He who, beyond the form of beauty, sees its divine substance, will understand it better, and his voice it forth more satisfactorily than he whose comprehension goes no farther than the outward form. But if artists are satisfied with the inferior excellence which they can reach by the worship of form, they should at least have sufficient respect for their art, for themselves and for the great public, to refuse to stoop to dodges which would disgrace a thinker. The press has a place to perform in this matter: to refuse to allow itself, under any pretence, to be made the tool by which artists degrade art in the eyes of the people. This duty we at least, shall not hesitate to perform.

ORCHESTRAS IN THE UNITED STATES.

It is well established that the adequate presentation of the finest musical works is impossible without a properly organized orchestra. In view of that fact, it is worthy of notice that in a country where almost every house contains a piano or reed organ, there should be only a few of the larger cities which, so far as we know, can boast of the possession of a permanent orchestra worthy of the name. So long as this condition of things lasts, it is evident that our people must remain almost wholly strangers to many of the grandest musical compositions.

Let us briefly inquire into the causes of this lack of orchestras in a country which is abundantly able to support them; for the discovery of the origin of the evil may suggest a remedy.

The prime cause, we think, is to be found in the fact that musical instruments, among us, is studied almost exclusively by ladies, and that since the days of Queen Elizabeth, who, we are told, played so skillfully upon the virginals, instruments of the piano kind have become more and more fashionable, until, among the ladies, they have practically driven out all other musical instruments. While this result is perhaps unavoidable, the fact remains that pianists cannot be organized into an orchestra.

The remedy suggested by some is that of teaching ladies to play orchestral instruments. Much as we might like to see that done, nor doubting in the least the ability of the fairer sex to become excellent players of such instruments, it seems clear that we cannot hope for permanent or indeed for any relief from that source. The instincts and the habits, mental and physical, of our women, to say nothing of prejudice and fashion, are all against this innovation, and we do not believe these difficulties can be overcome. If orchestras are to be established in our populous centers, they must be organized by men, and our young men must be educated and prepared to occupy their posts in those organizations. Where are the young Americans who are preparing for that work?

The piano, imperfectly studied, as it usually is, is the arch-enemy of orchestras. We say imperfectly studied, because he who studies it diligently sees in it, not an equivalent, but a miniature, a reduction, in other words, a more or less satisfactory substitute for the orchestra. But also to throw over the omnipresent innuendoes of "Maiden's Prayer," or "Silvery Waves," is the acme of the ambition of our youthful "musicians." To study the deeper meaning, the hidden power of expression contained in a piano, as the representative of an orchestra, has never even been suggested to them. If it had, and they had understood it, not only would they play with more understanding and ex-

pression, but the playing of their instrument, instead of satisfying their undeveloped tastes, would create in them a longing for the broader expression, the fuller interpretation of the musical thoughts of the tone-masters, which an orchestra alone can give.

But why increase the supply of orchestral players when those we have already exceed the demand? We answer that we are not satisfied that the supply does exceed the demand. It is not every catgut scraper or horn blower who is fit material for an orchestra, and yet, in the present condition of things, organizers of orchestras are compelled, frequently, to fill up their forces with amateur dance fiddlers of the second class. If these incompetents were left to their legitimate work, there would be many a vacancy even in the few orchestras we have, and it would be seen that the supply of orchestra players of ability—and we refer only to those—does not even now come up to the demand for them, and would be quite insufficient, were orchestras in all our important cities to become the rule rather than the exception. Shall we wait until one or two generations have passed away in order that we may have an ample supply of orchestral musicians before we make use of the material we have at hand? On the contrary, while orchestras will doubtless continue to be "few and far between," so long as our young men shall neglect, as they now do, the serious study of music, the very best method to create an interest in orchestral music is to have as much of it as possible. Now, we believe that there is not a large city in the country where, with good management, a respectable resident orchestra could not be organized and properly supported; if only citizens would take a proper interest in encouraging and fostering home talent. A burying of the petty jealousies of professional musicians, and a hearty co-operation in the interest of art by all the lovers of music in the city, together with the judicious assistance of the local press, which, in such cases would doubtless be gladly and freely given, is all that ordinarily would be needed to make a grand success of the undertaking. We have readers in every city of the Union, and to each of them we say, in closing: Why not make a grand movement all along the line, and let orchestras be organized wherever they can be? And if they will agree with us that it ought to be done, we will suggest to them the propriety of making it their personal business to begin the movement themselves.

YOU ask, says the world-renowned English tenor, Sims Reeves, "how I have been able to put such pathos and feeling into a song and make a great success of it, when other singers would fail altogether. It is because I have always studied my words."

I have read them, and phrased them in every possible way, asked myself what they meant, and interpreted them according to my feeling. I walk up and down, trying this line and trying that, until I feel that I have struck the right idea. But I am never satisfied. Nowadays singers do not study elocution sufficiently, if at all. In a recitative, for instance, the words are sacrificed to the music. In my method they are of equal importance."

An inferior artist would have endeavored to secure his success by his voice alone; Reeves understood that voice, though indispensable, is only one of the elements in the making of a true singer, and to this fact he attributes his success where others have failed. How often in these pages have we urged the necessity of studying the text of songs; how often condemned the neglect of this artistic duty! If precept has failed to teach, may we hope that this shining example may serve as a lesson to all our singers, whose sole ambition has been to become "vocalists"?

SONG OF HOME.

Oh sing once more those dear familiar lays,
Whose gliding measures every lesson day
And take my heart back to the happy days,
When first I sang them on my mother's knee,
With the fresh feelings of the golden time,
When there were no shadows on the sunny gleam,
The simple music and the artless rhyme,
Oh sing those dear familiar lays once more.

Oh sing once more those joy-provoking strains,
Which half forgotten in my memory dwell,
They send the life blood bounding thro' my veins,
And half forgoten seem like a merry song,
The songs of home are to the human heart,
More dear than any other melody,
Of our very nature form a part,
Then sing those dear familiar lays once more.

Geo. P. MORRIS.

MY ILLUSTRIOUS FRIEND SELSAM.

I.

N the evening of September 19, 1855, I called upon my old university friend, the illustrious Doctor Adrian Selsam, professor of general pathology, chief clinician *encheucre* to the Grand Duchess, etc.,

I found him alone in his magnificent parlor on the *Bergstrasse*, his elbow resting upon the table of black marble and his eyes searching the depths of a glass globe which seemed to me to be filled with perfectly clear spring water. The depths of the purple rays of the twilight which entered through three high windows that opened upon the garden of the palace, my friend Selsam's thin face, with its raven hair and protruding chin, borrowed from the globe's light, ghastly hue; it looked like the face of a dead man whose head had been recently cut off, and the red edge of his dressing-gown completed the illusion.

All this surprised me to such an extent that I dared not disturb his thoughts, and was on the point of leaving when a fat footman, whom I had found snoring in the ante-room, took a notion to open one eye and to call out in stentorian tones: "The Countess Theodora Kiliann."

Selsam, with a long-drawn sigh, turned slowly toward me, like an antonion, held out his hand and said:

"Saleh! hi, Theodora! *Quomodo valet?*"

"Optime, Adrian," I answered. "But it was no doing there, my friend. Are you meditating on the doctrine of Sangrado?"

"Theodora," he replied, after a moment of silence, "this is no laughing matter. I am studying the diseases of your respectable aunt, Mrs. Anna Wunderlich. What you said to me about her, night before last, is serious; her enthusiasms, her ecstasies, her sudden starts, but most of all the exaggerated expressions of the worthy lady when she speaks of Haydn's 'Creation,' Handel's oratorio and Beethoven's symphonies, present a serious affection."

"And you pretend to study it in that jar of fresh water?"

"It is great luck that you have come, for I was just thinking of you." Then, pointing to a violin that was hanging upon my friend's wall, he said: "Would you be kind enough to play for me Mozart's *Entführung aus dem Serail*?"

This request seemed so queer that I began to wonder whether my friend Selsam's wife was not forsaking him, but, guessing my thoughts, he continued: "Do not fear, do not fear, my friend, my intellectual faculties are intact; I am on the way to a great, a sublime discovery."

All right—that is enough!—And taking down the example of his with long eyes, he said: "You of those famous Levenhants of which Frederick II had twelve made to accompany his military playing-percussion instruments, which some persons consider equal to those of Stradivari. Be that as it may, hardly had I laid the bow upon the strings, when all at once a loud noise seemed to me to be far below the reality, and the elegance of the composition uniting with the purity of the sound, I thought myself transported to the sky. I cried, 'Oh sublimo melodist! What master!' I was covered by so much grace, vigor and intellect. My head had fallen to the floor, my eyes were blinking, my knees were shaking. I had lost all self-control; Selsam, the jar, and my aunt's disease no longer had an existence for me."

About an hour later, I awoke as from a dream, stretched at full length upon Dr. Adrian's lounge and wondering what had just happened, I saw Selsam armed with a large magnifying glass, standing

before his globe. The water in the jar had become cloudy, thousands of infusoria were in it, crossing each others' paths in all directions.

"Well, Selsam," I asked in a tone of voice that betokened my exhaustion, "are you satisfied?"

Then he came to me with beaming countenance and, grasping both my hands, he said enthusiastically: "Thanks, many thanks, my dear and worthy comrade, you had just rendered science the gift of servitude, and I am now free."

I was astounded. "What, in playing a tune I have done science a service?"

He struck a light, and I shall not let you remain in ignorance of the glorious part you have taken in the solution of the great problem. Come, follow me; you will presently see and understand everything."

He struck a light, for night had come, then he opened a side door and bade me follow him. We went into an inner yard upon which several doors opened. Selsam stopped before one of them and said:

"This is my dissecting-room; this is where I work. Be not shocked—nature surrenders her secrets only into the hands of death."

I was frightened: I would have gone back, but, Adrian having entered without waiting for my answer, I was compelled to follow. I went in there, pale with emotion, and upon a large oaken table, I saw a corpse—the corpse of a young man—stretched out at full length, his arms close to his body, his head thrown back, his eyes wide open, his mouth a cold, his face a beautiful brow. On the left side, a deep gash penetrated into the cavity of his breast, but what affected me most was not the sight of this wound, nor the sombre appearance of the head, but the motionless, the silence.

"This is man then!" I said to myself, "inertia, eternal rest!"

This crushing thought was weighting me down when Selsam, placing the square of his scarf upon the inert body, said to me: "That is all alive—all that will soon revive! Thousands of existences which have perished, exist by one man's power, will soon regain their independence. The only thing that has ceased to exist in this body is the power, the authority, the will, the soul. Each one common direction upon all these individual lives, the will. That power was there," he continued, as he struck with the handle of his scalpel the head which he had just found, like a piece of wood. "I was frightened and yet Selsam's words somewhat reassured me. 'All then is not annihilated' I thought. 'I'm glad of it. I'd rather live in detail than not live at all.'"

"Yes," explained Selsam, who seemed to read my thoughts, "man is immortal in detail. Each one of the molecules of which he is composed is imperishable; they all live, but their life and their sufferings are transmitted to the soul which consults their wants and rules them."

As he said this, he struck his scalpel deep into the corpse and opened it completely. I drew back horrified, but he did not seem to even perceive my movement, and calmly continued: "Let us first consider the means of action and transmission of the soul. You see these countless white fibers which ramify throughout the entire body; they are the nerves, the highways of this vast country, the means of communication between the soul and the body, swift as lightning, carrying to the extremities the orders of the central molecule, or warning the latter. When these nerves are diseased, the body is threatened in its numerous subjects. Then everything moves towards the object indicated by the soul. And yet each atom has its own life and nature. For instance, Theodora, here are the lungs of respiration, the lungs; here are those of the circulation of the blood, the heart, the veins and arteries; here are those of digestion, the stomach and intestines. Now, do not suppose that they are composed of the same elements, of the same being. No, where decomposition supervenes, they produce the kind of insects called *doctes*, the intestines *lembric*, the heart *fungus hemolide*, and so on."

"But I do not understand, my dear Selsam," I said, "what connection there is between all this anatomy and the disease of the air which you got me to play."

"Nothing is simpler," he replied. "You know that sound is composed of vibrations, and I have said that is gathered upon a drum head and causes it to trace geometrical figures of marvelous regularity."

"Of course, but—"

"But let me finish!" he exclaimed impatiently. "In the same manner, sounds act upon the molecules of fluids. From this there results infinite combinations, with this difference however, that,

these molecules being mobile, the figures that result therefore are animated beings. That is what physicists call *epidemic creation*. Now, sounds, which, acting upon the molecules of the air, produce electricity which again acts upon the liquids in our bodies, whence are developed thousands and millions of insects that attack the organism and produce a host of diseases such as deafness, epilepsy, cataplexy, idiocy, nightmare, convulsions, the *Vitæ* diseases, spasms of the esophagus, the voice, whooping cough, palpitation of the heart, and the well known endless list of those diseases to which women who play special attention to music are particularly subject, and the true nature of which has not been solved until this day. Hence, the insects in question, to-wit: the *epidemic*, the *hypnotic*, the *parietal*, the *colicoides*, the *leptoides*, the *neurostics*, the *hysteroides*, the *riphor*—all those millions of gnawers spread throughout our body as if it were an old piece of furniture, stick into their pinners, plucks, flies and augers and tear it to pieces. It is the story of the Roman people, enervated by Asiatic luxury—the barbarians devour it without resistance."

Selsam's description had made my hair stand on end.

"And you think," I cried, "that music is the cause of all these diseases?"

"Understand me! One needs but to look at old female players of piano, organ or harp to be convinced of the fact. Your unfortunate aunt is on the verge of the grave. I know of but one way to avoid speedy death."

"What is the means, Selsam? Although I am her probable heir, it would be wrong not to endeavor to save her."

"Yes," he replied, "I recognize in this statement your usual fine sense of right—it is affection and not self-interest that guides you. But it is late, Theodora, the clock has just struck twelve; come back at ten-to-morrow night and I shall have prepared the only remedy that can save Mrs. Wunderlich. The cure shall be radical, I give you my word as a man of science for it."

"Of course, of course, but would you not tell me—"

"Why should I? To-morrow you shall know all."

On getting alone, I went to the ante-room. We crossed the yard, he opened the gate into the *Bergstrasse*, we shook hands as we bade one another good-night, and I went to my room with a heart burdened with a thousand thoughts.

II.

That night, I could not sleep at all. I racked my brain to find out how Selsam was going to expel the acedroids from my worthy aunt Wunderlich. The next day, the same thought pursued me until evening. I went, I came, I questioned myself out loud and people turned to look at me on the street, so great was my agitation. When I passed Koniam's pharmacy, I stopped more than an hour to read the labels of numerous vials and jars: *Amo fatido*, *Avenae*, *Chloride of Potassium*, *Bals of Chiron*, *The Capelin's Cure*, *Mrs. Stefan's panacea*, etc., etc., etc. "Heavens!" I thought, "how lucky one must be to be able to lay one's hands upon such a vial that shall cure us without expelling the central molecule! How courageous one must be to swallow one's *toads*, *The Capelin's Cure*, or *Finnestadt's Cure*! It is a mere piece of bread or meat sometimes gives us an indigestion!"

And that evening, as I dined alone with my good aunt, I gazed at her compassionately. "Alas," I thought, "what would you say, poor Anna Wunderlich, if you knew that the insects which are eating your soul would beasts are trying to destroy you, while you are quietly sipping your cup of tea?"

"Theodora, what makes you gaze at me in that way?" she asked anxiously.

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all!"

"Yes, but I see you think I look ill to-day—now, don't you?"

"It is true, you are very pale. I would wager that you have received some new music."

"Yes, of course, I have just received 'Darius the Great,' a sublime composition, a—"

"I was sure of it; you spent the night in thrumming away upon the piano, and I saw you go into ecstasies, in exclaiming: 'Ah! Oh! Perfect! Marvelous! Divine!'"

"She grew red in the face. 'What does this mean, sir? Have I not the right to—'"

"To be sure, but it is ridiculous. You are ruining your nervous system. You are becoming insane; you do not know what you are talking about."

"For goodness sake, dear, be quiet!"

"Anger develops electricity, which, in its turn, produces poisons by the million."

Dr. Sangrado, one of the characters in La Sag's 'Famously evil' *Doctes* of *Stomachitis*, whose panacea was bleeding all hot water.—Pseudonym.

"Insects," she cried, jumping up from her seat, as if impelled by some invisible I have you ever seen insects upon my person, you wretch! What you dare to do!—Why it's infamous! Wretch!"

—Louise! Kate! Begone, sir!"

"But, aunt—"

"Begone, begone, I cut you off with a penny!"

She screamed, she shrieked, her bonnet hung over one ear, it was frightful!

"Come, come, I cried, as I arose, 'let us not get angry! Confound the insects! The keys of the insects you imagine but of the *myriapoda*, the *thysanura*, the *coleoptera*, the *lepidoptera*, the *parasites*, in short, the whole of the insect world, of diminutive monsters which have taken up their abode in your body and are gnawing at your vitals!"

At these words, aunt Wunderlich fell back in her chair, her arms dropping limp at her sides, her head drooping over her breast, and her face so pale that the *rouge* she had put upon her cheeks looked like spots of blood. I ran in haste to my friend Selsam's. When I entered, they said I was pale as a corpse.

"My friend," I cried, "she has an attack—"

But I stopped astounded. A numerous company was assembled at Selsam's. There was in the first place, the keeper of the archaeological museum, Daniel Bremer, with his large powdered wig, and maroon coat, his full face and prominent eyes making him look like a frog. He was holding up to his mouth a sort of gigantic bagpipe, and seemed to be explaining its use to the others.

Then the *Cupellmeister*, Christian Hoffer, wearing a cocked hat, sitting low in an arm-chair, his long legs strutting out under the table, was busy trying with his long bony fingers the keys of another odd musical instrument in the shape of a tube, and was also absorbed in this examination that he did not even raise his head when I entered.

Messrs. Kaspar Marbach, prosecutor at St. Catherine's hospital, and Rebstock, dean of the Faculty of *belles-lettres*, both in black dress coats and white neckties, were also there, the one armed with an immense bronze platter and the other with a sort of wooden drum from the East.

These grave people, seated about the chandelier with cheeks puffed out and meditative countenances produced on the air a strange impression that I remained stock still upon the threshold, my neck craned forward, my mouth wide open, as if in the presence of a miracle. Selsam gravely handed me a seat and the Keeper of the Museum continued his explanations:

"This, gentlemen," he said, "is the famous *hues blia* of the Swiss. It has terrible sounds which prolong themselves through the echoes and are heard above the roar of the torrents. If Counselor Theodore will take it, I do not doubt that he will draw from it grand effects."

He handed me this ox-horn with a solemn air, and turning to Prosecutor Kaspar Marbach, he said, "Your drum, sir, is the most admirable instrument of the sort we have: it is the *Karabo* of the Egyptians and Abyssinians; the jugglers use it to make the serpents and the *leyendas* dance."

"Is this the way?" asked the Prosecutor, striking alternate blows with both hands.

"Well done, well done, you'll see."

"As to Dean Rebstock, all he will have to do will be to strike a blow every second upon his platter, the famous *tom-tom* whose lugubrious sound resembles the tolling of the death bell of our cathedral. It will have a colossal effect, especially in the silence of night. Have you understood, gentlemen?"

"Very well!"

"Then we can start;"

"Wait a moment," said the doctor, "I must tell Theodore about our intentions."

Then, turning to me, he said: "My dear friend, your respectable aunt's condition demands the heroic remedy. After thinking a long time upon the subject, a luminous idea struck me. What is the trouble with her? It is a loss of tone of the nervous system, disability resulting from the abuse of music. Now, what should be done in such a case? The most rational method is to unite in one treatment the principle of Hippocrates: *contra contraria curantur* and that of our immortal Hahnemann: *Similia similibus curantur*.

What is more contrary to the disease, what is more contrary to the disease of the wild music of the Hebrews, the Caribbeans and the Abyssinians? Nothing! Hence I borrow their instruments. I execute *contra* the disease of the tone in the presence of your respectable aunt and the principle of *contra contraria* is satisfied. Upon the other hand, the abuse of music is cured by music! Evidently nothing; hence the principle of *similia similibus* is also satisfied."

I thought the idea sublime. "Selsam," I cried, "but you, an genius Hippocrates, optimized the thesis of medicine and Hahnemann its antithesis, you have created its synthesis; it is a magnificent discovery!"

"Why, I know that," he said, "but let me finish. In consequence, I applied to the Keeper of the Museum, who not only consented to lend us the *tom-tom*, the *hues blia* and the *Karabo* of his collection, but further proffers us his aid and consents to play upon the flute. This will complete our harmonic improvisation most felicitously."

I bowed low to the Keeper of the Museum and expressed all my gratefulness. This seemed to touch him and he said: "I am a happy, Councillor, to have been able to render a service to you as well as to the worthy Mrs. Anna Wunderlich, whose numerous virtues are obscured by the unfortunate exaggeration of musical enjoyments and the abuse of stringed instruments. May we succeed in bringing her back to the simple tastes of our fathers!"

"Yes, may we succeed!" I exclaimed.

"Forward, gentlemen, forward!" said Selsam.

Then we all went down the main stairs. The clocks were striking eleven: the night was dark, not a star shone in the sky; a storm wind came from the westwardens to creak and the street lamps to swing. We stole along the walls and in malefactors, each keeping his instrument concealed under his coat.

When we had reached my aunt's door, I gently inserted the key into the key-hole, and, without having struck a light, we entered the vestibule in silence. There, each of us took his stand in front of his instrument, and putting his instrument to his mouth awaited the signal.

All this had been done so prudently that nothing was heard. Selsam even pushed the bed-room door ajar, then in a loud voice he said: "Go!"

Then he blew into his key-hole, and the *tom-tom*, the flute and the *Karabo* all sounded together. It would be impossible to describe the effect of this savage music; it seemed as if the arch of the vestibule were about to be broken down by the noise.

We heard a cry, but, far from ceasing, a sort of rage seemed to take possession of us and the big drums, the *hues blia* and the *Karabo* all sounded to a degree that even I could no longer hear the sound of my horn, whose noise however, is heard above all the noise of the instruments. The *Karabo* was stronger still: its slow and lugubrious vibration made us feel within us a feeling of inexpressible terror, as if the upper part of our heads of cannibals were one to be gnawed by our hair stood on end—the last tramp awaking the dead, will not produce a more terrible effect.

Twenty times Selsam had yelled to us to stop; we were deaf, a sort of diabolical frenzy had taken possession of us. At last, worn out, breathless, hardly able to stand so long there were we, we were compelled to cease making this frightful din. Then Selsam, lifting his finger, said: "Silence! Listen!"

But our ears were ringing and we could not hear the least noise.

After a few minutes, the Doctor becoming anxious, pushed the door open and entered the room, in order to stop the effect of his remedy.

We were impatiently waiting for him, and yet he did not return. I was about to enter also when he came out looking very pale, and casting a strange look upon us: "Gentlemen," he said, "let us leave!"

But Selsam, what is the result of the experiment? I was holding my arm: he turned abruptly and answered:

"Dead!"—she's dead!"

"Dead!" I cried, recoiling.

"Yes, the electrical commotion was too violent: it destroyed the ascarides, but, unfortunately, it killed the central nervous system. It proves nothing against my discovery, on the contrary: your aunt died cured."

And he went out.

When he told me, pale as death, that my aunt was dead, I felt as if I had been struck by lightning.

Once in the street we dispersed, some going to the right, others to the left, without exchanging a word. The end of the adventure had thoroughly terrified us.

The next day, the whole city learned that Mrs. Anna Wunderlich had died suddenly. The neighbors, who had heard strange, terrible, and unusual noises, but who had been a very violent storm during the night the police made no upon to report the matter, officially declared that Mrs. Anna Wunderlich had died of apoplexy while she had been sitting in her arm-chair in front of her piano! Therefore we were not molested.

About six months afterwards, Doctor Selsam published a work upon the treatment of helminths by means of music, which obtained an incredible success.

But Hatto von Schlittenhoff sent him the badge of the Black Vulture, and Her Highness, the reigning Duchess, condescended to congratulate him in person. Selsam was elected a member of the French Academy of the Scientific Society in the stead of Franz Matthias Kobus. In a word, he is a very fortunate man.

As for me, I shall all my life reproach myself with having contributed to the death of my dear aunt. But Selsam, by blowing for a quarter of an hour into that abominable *hues blia*, which may Heaven confound! It is true that I had no intention of hurting her; on the contrary, I hoped to rid her of her ascarides, and thus enable her to live many years; but she died none the less, and this fills my heart with sorrow.

Heaven is my witness that the idea of destroying her central molecule had never entered my head. Alas! to my shame be it confessed, I should have laughed in the face of any one who would have told me that with a tune one could kill even a little fly.

—Translated (and abridged) from the French of Brockmann-Chairin, in KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

TRANSMISSION OF SOUND.

possess in our organization a special instrument, the ear, adapted for perceiving sound. But the transmission of the sound of the sounding body are the cause of sound, the question arises, How do these vibrations ultimately reach our ear, so as to produce the sensation of sound?

A vibration evidently could not be propagated if it were not in a medium to propagate it. This medium is generally air; but it may be any other solid, liquid, or gaseous body, so long as it is elastic. Elasticity of the body is a necessary condition, not only for the formation of sound, but also for its transmission; since a vibration can only be propagated by transmitting its own motion to the particles of the medium nearest the vibrating body; these layers communicate it to fresh layers in their neighborhood, and so on.

Vibration seems, then, to travel from layer to layer, and when circumstances permit, in every direction. Elasticity of the body is a necessary condition, not only for the formation of sound, but also for its transmission; since a vibration can only be propagated by transmitting its own motion to the particles of the medium nearest the vibrating body; these layers communicate it to fresh layers in their neighborhood, and so on.

It is not to be supposed that the vibrating body is able to vibrate on its own account—that is to say, if the medium be not elastic. And thus the power that a body possesses of transmitting sound constitutes one of the surest criteria of its elasticity.

A very clear idea of the transmission of a vibratory movement may be obtained by observing a large surface of water at rest. On throwing a stone into it, a series of concentric waves is seen to start from the point struck by the stone, which as they grow larger become less distinct, and by becoming imperceptible. It would be a mistake to suppose that the water itself moved from point to point. Each particle remains, so to speak, at its point, and only executes a vibration perpendicular to the direction of the wave; having accomplished which, it is at the very same place as before. It is easy to demonstrate that this, so by throwing a stone into the water some awdust or other floating body, when it will be observed that it is lifted by the wave, and then it falls back into its position without being sensibly displaced. It is, then, only the vibratory movement which moves from one point to another, and not the body itself or any part of it.

The case of several vibratory movements which, coming from different points, strike against or across each other, is more complicated, and at the same time more interesting. If two or more stones be thrown into still water at different points, two or more systems of waves are formed, which as they grow larger join together. Experience shows that at each point common to two waves moving in opposite directions there are special phenomena called interference. But beyond these points, where a wave is propagated exactly as if the other did not exist.

This is the great principle of the *coexistence* of vibratory movements, a principle discovered by Fourier, and which is more complicated, and at the same time more interesting. If two or more stones be thrown into still water at different points, two or more systems of waves are formed, which as they grow larger join together. Experience shows that at each point common to two waves moving in opposite directions there are special phenomena called interference. But beyond these points, where a wave is propagated exactly as if the other did not exist.

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In order to demonstrate that air is really able to transmit sound, use is made of a glass globe, into which a small quantity of air is carried at its own extremity a little bell attached to a cord of an elastic cotton thread. The globe is furnished with a stopcock in its neck, which enables it to be opened and closed. If the globe is exhausted from the globe as thoroughly as possible by means of an air-pump, the globe, and thence the bell, may be moved with any degree of violence without any sound being heard. By holding the ear, however, against the globe, a very feeble sound is heard, the reason of which is, that the air within the globe is exhausted, and that the cotton thread by which the bell is suspended is not completely devoid of air, and that the air is exhausted from the globe though but slightly. But the phenomenon is very closed, and is imperceptible at a very short distance. If the stopcock be opened for a distance without any sound, a little air will enter the globe, and the sound of the bell will begin to be heard. Its vibrations now find an elastic medium, although again very rarefied, is able to transmit them at last to the glass envelope of the globe. The glass, which is a very elastic, transmits them to the external air, and thence to the ear of the observer, and thence the sound is heard, although feebly. If the stopcock be again opened, and left open so that the air can enter freely, the sound will grow louder, and when the air in the globe has reached the same density as the external air, the bell will be heard with its usual loudness. This experiment shows that air is able to transmit sound, that in this case it was necessary for such transmission, and that it transmits sounds better as its density is greater.

Not only air, but all solid, liquid, and gaseous bodies, are able, if arranged suitably, to transmit vibrations. It is a well-known fact that if, when bathing in the sea, the head be plunged under water, or even the ears only, the noise produced by the water striking against the rocks is distinctly heard. And it is an equally well-known fact, that to hear a distant noise produced by the passage of men or animals, the ear must be held to the ground; which shows not only that the earth transmits sound, but that in some cases it transmits it better than air.

Almost all known bodies are able to transmit sound, and metals are best of all adapted for this purpose. This tube, which is made of metal, is encircled and obliged to travel in one direction only. This is not the case for a bell sounding in the open air; the sound is emitted in all directions, and soon grows feeble. But, if, on the other hand, the transmission takes place in one direction only, a sound, although feeble, may be heard at a great distance. It is on this principle that are founded the acoustic pipes, or *speaking tubes*, in common use. These are cylindrical tubes, generally of gutta-percha, which are arranged from point to point as may be required, with this condition, however, that they should not have sharp curves. If words be spoken at one end, the sound is transmitted from layer to layer of the inclosed air, and easily reaches the other end; communication can thus be maintained. Theoretically, there is no limit to such transmission in cylindrical tubes; in practice, however, the sound grows gradually weaker, and this is because the vibrating body is at the side of its vibratory movement by friction with the sides of the tube. Very long distances may nevertheless be maintained.

An elegant experiment on the transmission of sound is that described by Wheatstone. A rod of uniform yards in length passes from one room to another—for example, from one room to the room on the floor below. In order to preserve it in contact with other bodies, it is supported by a tin tube and by India-rubber, but the two extremities are left free. One extremity is put in communication with a sound source, whether a forte or other musical instrument, and transmits all its notes to the other extremity. To make these perceptible, it need only be fixed to a violin, or a piano-forte, or a violin, harp or pianoforte. The effect is astonishing: a piece of music played in the other room or other floor is perfectly heard in this room, as if the following questions now present themselves: With what velocity is sound transmitted in different bodies? Is it great or small in all the same for all bodies?

By velocity is meant the space passed over in a second of time; as an example, let us investigate the velocity of sound in air. Let us suppose that one second of time in air. It is a well-known fact, that this velocity is not great. In fact, when a hammer is struck at a distance of 1000 yards, the movement of the hammer is first seen, and then the sound is heard; and if the distance is

rather great, the lapse of time between the moments at which the blow is seen and heard becomes very considerable. The firing of a cannon a long distance thus announces first by the flash, and then by the explosion of the powder, and only some time afterward by the report. Similar examples are numerous. They demonstrate that sound is transmitted much more slowly than light, and that the velocity of sound in each case cannot be great.

The method of determining the velocity of sound is in itself very simple. It may be done by merely placing two stations at two distances from each other as far apart as possible, and having exactly measured the distance between them, firing them at precisely the same time, and counting the number of means of a stop-watch the moment at which the report from the first station reaches the second, and after the lapse of the time which the sound takes to pass over the space comprised between the two stations is thus ascertained, and, further, the distance between the two stations is also known, the required velocity is found by dividing the latter by the former. Such experiments must be made at night, so as not to be disturbed by other noises. They may be further made on calm nights when there is no wind, because wind, which is merely a change of place of a great mass of air, necessarily disturbs the vibrations of sound, and according as it is favorable or unfavorable—that is to say, according to whether its direction is the same or contrary to the direction in which the sound is transmitted. But as it is impossible to be quite free from wind, the cannon are fired first from one station and then from the other, so that in this case the wind will be favorable to the transmission of the one sound, and unfavorable to the other. One of these vibrations will then be too great, the other too small, and the mean will represent a very close approximation to the value which would have been found had there been no wind.

Experiments of this kind have often been performed in France, and in 1822, by the distinguished members of the French Academy in the year 1822, between Monthléry and Villejuif, those made by Colladon and Sturm, and lastly, by Regnault.

The result of these experiments is, that the velocity of sound in air, at a temperature of 0° C. (32° F.), is about 332 metres per second, and that this velocity increases regularly with the temperature, so that at a temperature of 10° C. (50° F.) it is about 340 metres per second. It was not at first known that it is rather greater for loud sounds than for feeble ones. However, this difference observed by Regnault is very small, and may be neglected in most cases. To confirm the influence of temperature on the velocity of sound, we may here notice the experiment made by Captain Parry in Melville Island, lying in the middle of the group of islands near North America, from which it results that for the very low temperature of 38° below zero C. (37° below 0° F.), the least velocity was 300 metres per second.

Another question is this, Are low and high notes propagated with the same velocity? Listening to a military band playing at a distance, it will be observed that the notes of music which are being executed completely preserve its rhythmic movement. The notes reach the observer enfeebled by a great distance, but they maintain exactly the same consecutive order. This, however, would not be possible if the different notes, whether high or low, had the same velocity. But experiments can be made more accurate experiments on this point by causing a known and very simple melody to be played on a tin tube in such a way that the sound is uttered at the other end of this very long pipe, he found that the high notes were propagated with the same velocity as the low notes, and it is not at all impossible that still more accurate experiments may reveal some such small difference in this respect as was found for loud and feeble sounds.

Regnault's experiments, but the difference would be certainly very small, and might in most cases be neglected.

Another question is, whether the velocity of sound in water has been determined by Colladon and Sturm in the Lake of Geneva. A bell was suspended under water and in contact with the water, and at a long distance from this a tube was led into the water from the boat, in which was the observer. The lower end of the tube was enlarged, like a trumpet, and was closed by means of an elastic membrane, which was completely under water. The sonorous waves of the bell were propagated, like those in the water to the membrane, and from it to the air in the tube. The observer, holding his ear to the

tube, distinctly perceived the sound. Whence, by measuring the distance from the bell to the observer, and the time occupied by the sound in traversing the whole distance, Colladon and Sturm found a velocity of 1435 metres per second. The velocity of sound in water is therefore appreciably greater than through air.

Many other experiments have been tried in order to arrive at the velocity of sound in other solid bodies. It would be impossible to enter into further details on these points without overstepping the limits I have laid down, the more so as the methods employed in these researches are very various, and require a somewhat profound knowledge of the theory of sound. I wish, therefore, to limit myself to the statement that the velocity of sound is small in gaseous bodies, such as air, and is smaller in proportion as the gas is more dense; that it is chiefly of solid bodies, such as in carbonic anhydride (362 metres per second), which is a gas one and a half times denser than air, and the greatest is in hydrogen (1269 metres per second), a gas which is fourteen times less dense than air. In gas an increase of temperature considerably increases the velocity.

In liquids the velocity is, generally speaking, sensibly greater than in gas (with the exception of hydrogen). In solids it is found to be still greater, especially in metals, in which it rises as high as twenty times the velocity in air. But increases of temperature generally considerably diminish the velocity except in iron, in which at first the velocity increases with the temperature up to 100° C. (212° F.), and then rapidly diminishes.

These differences and these anomalies arise from the intimate structure of the various bodies and from the way in which this structure varies with temperature. The velocity of sound depends on two quantities—the elasticity and on the density of the body; it increases when the first increases and when the second diminishes. But the laws according to which elasticity and density vary with the temperature are very various, especially in solid bodies, and it follows that the variations of velocity of sound in solids must also follow complicated laws.

For different kinds of wood there are very different values, according to the direction of the fibre and of the rings. The following table contains some results obtained in the various woods, and will serve to render some more explanation more clear.

		Metres per second.	
		according to experiment.	according to calculation.
Air	at 0° C. (32° F.)	332	330
Oxygen	at 0° C. (32° F.)	317	316
Hydrogen	at 0° C. (32° F.)	1269	1269
Carbonic anhydride	at 0° C. (32° F.)	362	362
Common gas	at 0° C. (32° F.)	316	316
Water	at 15° C. (59° F.)	1435	1435
Ros water	at 20° C. (68° F.)	1478	1478
Air (by Colladon)	at 20° C. (68° F.)	1380	1380
Allyl ether	at 20° C. (68° F.)	1269	1269
Lead	at 20° C. (68° F.)	1199	1199
Gold	at 20° C. (68° F.)	1149	1149
Steel	at 20° C. (68° F.)	1149	1149
Aluminum	at 20° C. (68° F.)	1149	1149
Iron	at 20° C. (68° F.)	1149	1149
Copper	at 20° C. (68° F.)	1149	1149
Brass	at 20° C. (68° F.)	1149	1149
Lead	at 20° C. (68° F.)	1149	1149
Gold	at 20° C. (68° F.)	1149	1149
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Gold	at 20° C. (68° F.)	1149	1149
Steel	at 20° C. (68° F.)	1149	1149



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All of Paul's fantasias are excellent, we had almost said perfect, in their line. They combine musicalness and brilliancy with comparative ease of execution to a greater extent than those of any other author. This is no exception to the rule, indeed, if it be possible to make comparisons, it is one of the best of the set. No better exhibition piece of the same grade exists.

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"MARSH HUMBORSKE".....*E. R. Kroeger.*
This composition has a flavor of its own, a sort of mild strangeness which gives it a foreign tinge that adds to its charm not a little. The better musicians will most appreciate its excellencies.

"POLKA GRACIEUSE".....*E. R. Kroeger.*
This composition, placed in juxtaposition with the preceding one, forms a contrast which shows the versatility of their composer. This has nothing odd or unusual about its themes or the manner of their working out, and while it will please musicians, it will not fail of appreciation at the hands of the less learned in "the art divine." The two, played in succession as a number, make excellent effect in the concert room.

"MY MOTHER'S PICTURE" (song).....*Will DeFord.*
The heart cry of a wayward boy when years have brought experience to his heart and wisdom to his head; when it is late, perhaps too late, to tell her who smiled over his early playfulness, and wept over his going astray, that her pleadings and tears were not all in vain, is hardly to be criticized from the standpoint of strict literary or musical excellence. From the heart, the author speaks to the heart, and the hearts he speaks to will not fail to understand. Even viewed critically, however, both words and music are far, very far above the average.

The pieces published in this issue cost, in regular sheet form:

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"LUCEZIA BORGIA," (Duet) <i>Sidus</i>	75
"MARSH HUMBORSKE," <i>Kroeger</i>	35
"POLKA GRACIEUSE," <i>Kroeger</i>	35
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Rigoletto

Preludio.

JEAN PAUL.

Moderato M.M. ♩ = 104.

mf a capriccio. *rinforzando.* *rit.*

a tempo. *rinforzando.* *crescendo.* *f* *rit.*

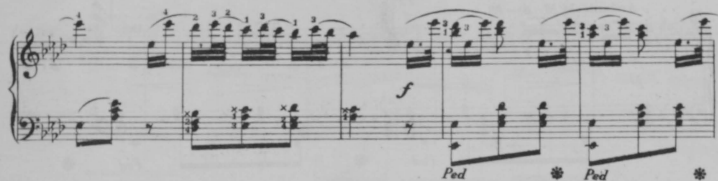
crescendo. *f* *rit.*

rit.

Moderato M.M. ♩ - 96.



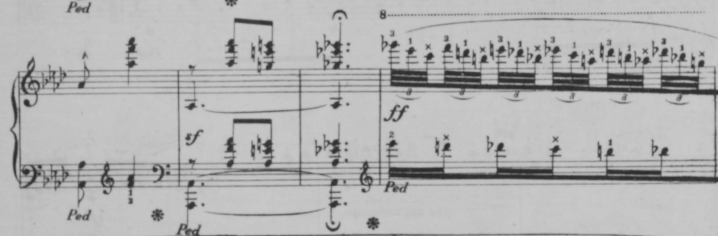




First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line with slurs and fingerings (1, 2, 3, 2, 1, 3, 1, 3). Bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment. Dynamics include *f*. Pedal markings are present.



Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff continues the melodic line. Bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment. Dynamics include *f*, *sf*, *f*, and *ff*. Pedal markings are present.



Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line. Bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment. Dynamics include *sf* and *ff*. Pedal markings are present.



Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line. Bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment. Dynamics include *sf* and *ff*. Pedal markings are present.



Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line. Bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment. Dynamics include *p*. Pedal markings are present.

Andante. M.M. ♩ = 88. *pp* *ten.* *pp*

p *Ped* *

pp *a tempo.* *morzando e rit.*

Ped *

cres. molto. *f* *piu appassionato.* *Ped* *

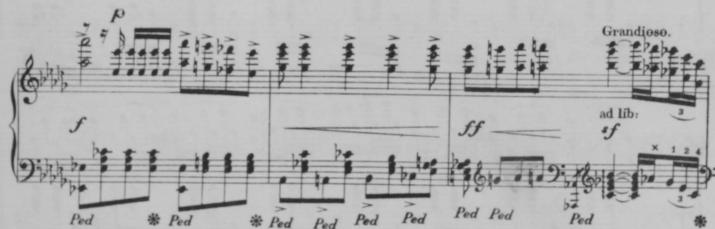
rit. *sinorz.* *p* *Ped* *



Ped * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* *



Ped * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* *



Ped * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* *



Ped * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* *



Pedale ad lib.



sempre cres. *f* *ff* rit.

Ped * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* *

a tempo. *p*

Pedale ad lib.

Ped *



LUCREZIA BORGIA.

Donizetti.

Carl Sidus Op.134.

Allegretto ♩.—80.

Secondo.

p

rit

lento

f

a tempo.

mf

LUCREZIA BORGIA.

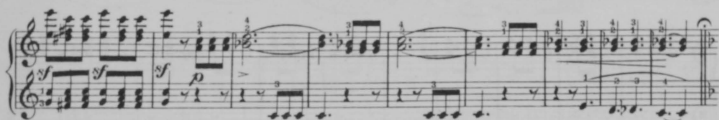
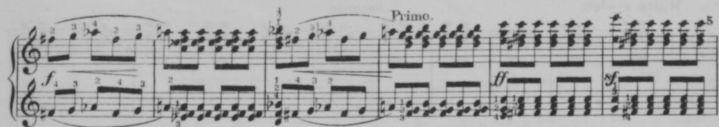
Donizetti.

Carl Sidus Op.134.

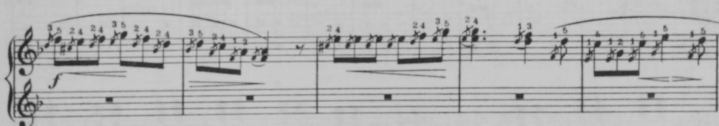
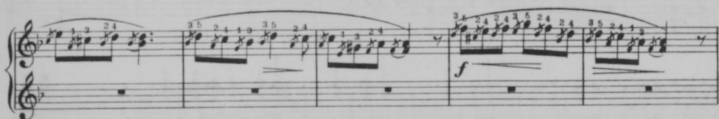
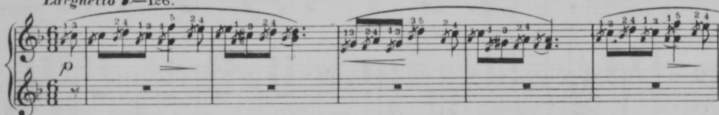
Allegretto ♩.—80.

Primo.





Larghetto 126.



Waltz ♩ — 88.

Secondo.

mf

f

f

p

f

mf

ff

ff

f

ff

ces... cen... do.

Waltz 6-88.

Primo.

© N.B. Play C. instead of A. when the piano possesses the high C.

Marsch - Humoreske.

Ernest R. Kroeger.

Allegro $\text{♩} = 100$

mf

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

8...

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

CRESC.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

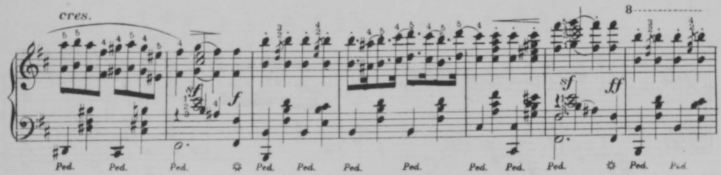
8...

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.



First system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music consists of dense, multi-measure rests and complex rhythmic patterns. Pedal markings are present below the bass staff.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.



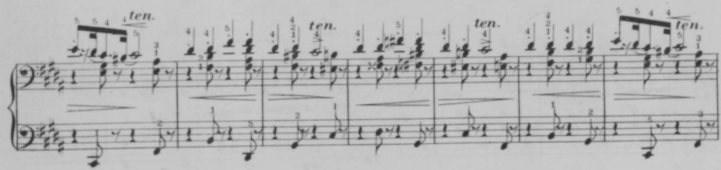
Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It includes a *cres.* (crescendo) marking and dynamic markings *f* and *ff*. The notation is complex, with many multi-measure rests.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

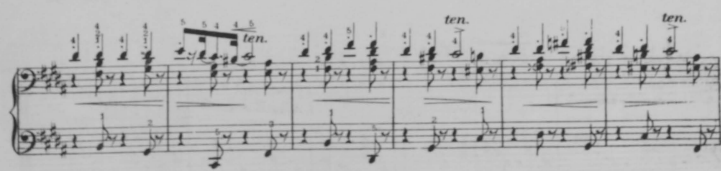


Third system of musical notation, featuring a section labeled *Ben misurata* and a *ten.* (tension) marking. The music continues with complex rhythmic patterns and multi-measure rests.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.



Fourth system of musical notation, featuring multiple *ten.* (tension) markings. The notation is complex, with many multi-measure rests.



Fifth system of musical notation, featuring multiple *ten.* (tension) markings. The notation is complex, with many multi-measure rests.

ten.
p *p* *dim.*

rit. *ten.* *a tempo.*
p
 Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. *

8
p
 Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. *

cres.
 Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. *

8
f *f*
 Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. *

Polka Gracieuse.

Ernest R. Kroeger.

Tempo di Polka $\text{♩} = 100.$

Giacoso.

The musical score is written for piano and includes pedal markings. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Tempo di Polka' with a quarter note equal to 100 beats per minute. The first system is marked 'Giacoso.' and includes six pedal markings. The second system also includes six pedal markings. The third system includes four pedal markings and a repeat sign with first and second endings. The fourth system continues the melody and includes a final cadence. The score is published by Kunkel Bros. in 1884.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The music includes various fingerings (1-5) and a *rit.* marking at the end.

Second system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The music includes various fingerings (1-5) and a *ard. a tempo* marking. Pedal points are indicated below the bass staff.

Third system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The music includes various fingerings (1-5) and a *Ped.* marking. Pedal points are indicated below the bass staff.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The music includes various fingerings (1-5) and a *cres.* marking. Pedal points are indicated below the bass staff. The system concludes with a *FINE.* marking.

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The music includes various fingerings (1-5) and a *Cantabile.* marking. Pedal points are indicated below the bass staff. The system concludes with a *or thus.* marking.

8

cres.

Ped.

8

dolce.

Ped.

8

cres.

Ped.

8

Ped.

Repeat from the beginning to Fine.

My Mothers Picture.

DER MUTTER BILD.

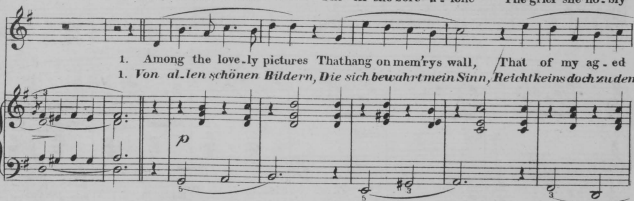
German Translation by E. A. Zündt

Words and Music by Will De Ford.

Allegretto ♩ — 72.

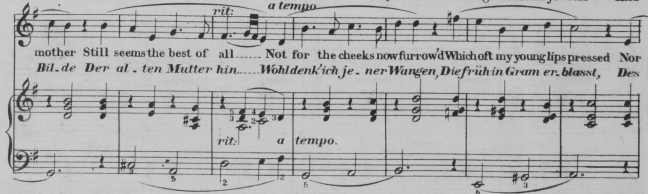


3. Doch darum nicht verehr'ich Zumeist der Mutter Bild; Ich küß' es ob des
3. But for unmeasured sorrow The ill she bore a lone The grief she nobly



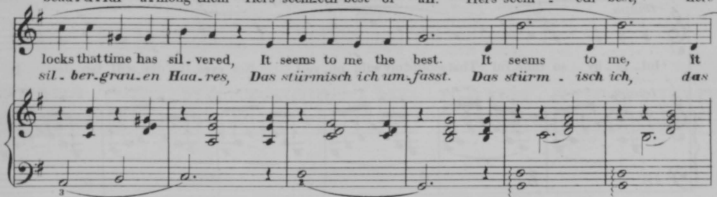
1. Among the love.ly pictures Thathang on mem'ry's wall, / That of my ag. ed
1. Von al. ten schönen Bildern, Die sich bewahrt mein Sinn, Reichkeins doch zu dem

Kummers, Der trostlos sie er. füllt, ... Den klaglos sie ge. tragen, Verschlös sen in der Brust, Um
car. ried A bur den all her own ... For this I love the picture Thathangs on mem'ry's wall And

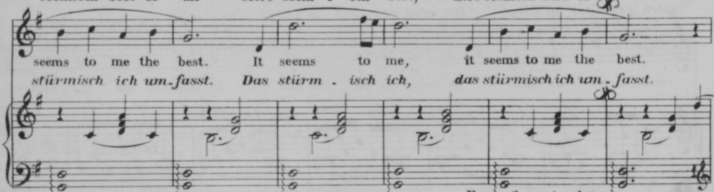


mother Still seems the best of all Not for the cheeks now furrow'd Which oft my young lips pressed Nor
Bild. e Der al. ten Mutter hin Wöhl den k'ich je. ner Wä ngen, Die f'üh in Gram er. blasst, Des

4 den ihr Herz, das treu - e, Ihr Herz al - lein ge - wusst. Ihr Herz al - lein, ihr
beau - ti - ful a - mong them Hers seem - eth best of all. Hers seem - eth best, hers

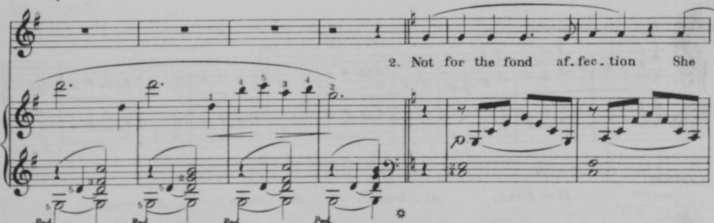


Hers al - lein ge - wusst Ihr Herz al - lein, ihr Herz al - lein ge -
seem - eth best of all Hers seem - eth best, hers seemeth best of

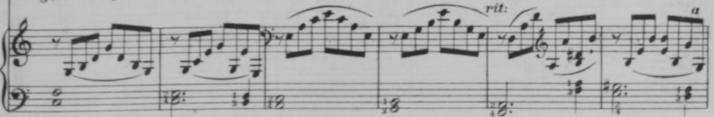


From *Ch* go to close.

2. Ich den - ke je - ner Sor - ge Für



gave a wayward boy - Who filled with woe the chalice That once o'erflow'd with joy, Nor
rit: *a*



denk des Wie-gen-liedchens, Das mich in Schlummersang, Der sanf-ten lie-ben Augen, Die
tempo.
 lul-la-by so tune-ful That sooth'd my wild un-rest Nor eyes, tho' dim, still ten-der It
tempo.

mich gegrüsst so bang' Die mich gegrüsst so bang' Die mich gegrüsst so bang'
rit.
 seems to me the best. It seems to me the best, It seems to me the best.
rit. a tempo

CLOSE.
 wusst Ihr Herz, al-lein, ihr Herz ge-wusst.

all of all the best, of all, of all.

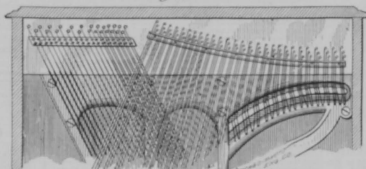
Ped.

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Fig. 1.



Cut showing Upright Piano with the New String-rest attachment.

Fig. 2.



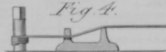
Rest for the Treble Strings.

Fig. 3.



Rest for the Bass Strings.

Fig. 4.



Rest with String in Position.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, May 13, 1884.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

The second annual May festival came to a close last Saturday evening, May 10th. It is a pronounced "brilliant success." The chorus from first to last showed careful training, and was always in time. The Germans Orchestra made no special praise, as it comprises the best talent in the city, and can compare favorably with any in the country. Of the soloists, Madame Jerser, Madame Funch-Mari, Madame Treibell, Mrs. Jarling, Mr. Clark Adams, Max Heinrich, Rafael Joseffy, Chas. H. Jarvis, and Ovide Musin, little need be said, as their reputation throughout the country is established. The two principal choral works were Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and Verdi's "Requiem," where the complete forces were brought out to the entire satisfaction of the large audiences. The Orchestral works were from Beethoven, Raff, Goets and others.

The Wagner Concerts came and went. The first three concerts were not as fully attended as was to be expected, in fact, the houses were poor for such an unenterprising house. May 13th, was the last and fourth concert, Nilsson being added to the other soloists, which brought out a splendid house. The praises bestowed upon Materna and Scaria in the daily press are indeed well given for so-day they are among the leading two in the world, while Winkelman is set down upon quite frequently for singing out of tune, etc. The United Singers (German), consisting of the twenty-six leading male singing societies, will give a two days' festival June 2nd and 3rd. The president is Mr. Edmund Winkelman, of the piano firm of Albrecht & Co.

The fourth annual convention of the American Tonic Sol-Fa Association, held a three days' session here, April 23d, 24th and 25th. The forenoon was given to the teachers' conference, and the afternoon and evening were given to the comparison of methods of teaching. One thing is certain, that their method of teaching is the most thorough and complete of all methods. Pupils are not taught notation, they are taught music. The youngest pupils (children) are taught to sing at sight anything that is put on the blackboard in their own language. Further, they can write anything that is sung to them. The following is what was said during the conference: Opening address by Thos. F. Seward, of New York, president of the association. "What is to Bead Music," by C. F. Kew, of New York, N. J.; "Music Out of Bondage," Mrs. S. J. Churchill, Mount Clair, N. Y.; "Preparation for the Elementary and Intermediate Certificate," by J. Benson, Boston, Mass.; "Frensch W. K. Matthews, of Chicago, sent his paper: "The On-coming Millennium," which was most warmly received. Tonic Sol-Fa, as Adapted to Singing Classes and Choral Societies," by E. H. Norris, of Chicago; "Music as a Spiritual Power," by D. Hutcheiler, of Philadelphia; Sketch of the history of the Musical Notation," by H. T. Creston, also of Philadelphia. Prof. B. C. Cissell, of New York, is Secretary and Treasurer of the Society. Next annual meeting will be held in Chicago. The Emma Abbott Opera Company are playing a two weeks' engagement at the Chestnut street theatre at present. Neussdorf's Opera Company from Boston, opened with "A Trip to Africa," last evening at Haverly's Theatre. The music was by Suppe and given by a brilliant cast. Full houses will be the rule, which it fully deserves, so it is sparkling with a sprinkling of fun. Respectfully,

P. J. MERGES.
BOSTON.

Boston, May 13th, 1884.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW.
All things come to an end sometime, even a Boston musical season, and there are symptoms that the season of 1884 is nearing its close. The symphony has departed, and now the clubs are breaking. The Apollo Club have called May 5th, with a programme that had much that was Bostonian in its make-up. It began with an overture by George F. Root, once of Cincinnati but now welcomed back to the fold and became of Boston and professor of organ in the University of England conservatory. He had discovered that it is better to play a triangle in the tonic of the right hand than to play the orchestra, among the ungodly. His overture, although new to me and new to the world, is dedicated. The Princess and I, impressed me very favorably on a first hearing. Another American or Bostonian number, was the chorale "Oh may my life be spent" from Felix's "Odessa." I think that this work, by its long odds the greatest that has yet originated in America, but with that some other number might have been chosen to represent it. The "Oracle, sweet-sung-toned of Zeus" for example would have been more effective, and "Singing neither past nor future" would have pleased the general public more. But after all, pleasing the general public is not the criterion of the art-value of a work, although it is more comfortable for the composer. The club sang nicely all through the concert, but only one important slip, in Becker's "Wood Morning" and even then recovering themselves immediately. The only fault I could find was that one or two of the second basses seemed to be a little too prompt ("too premature") in their entrance (slur), and came in just ahead of Mr. Lang's part several times. A great success, which was achieved at this concert by M. Ovide Musin, whose violin playing was of the first order of very much, spite of his light tone, by the tenderness, without affection, with which he gave the audience, and by the fact that he did not distort the tempo of the Inferno, as so many violinists do. His playing in the final allegro was also clear and steady even in the most rapid passages. But the greatest success was made in a *Caprice de Concert* of his own, in which he displayed every point of technique. His playing in this composition was the best I have recently heard, and in an encore piece he gave the best exhibition of simultaneous pianoforte playing and bowing.

GEORGE SWEET,

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E. TOURJEE, Music Hall, Boston.

WILL DeFORD,

PORTRAIT PAINTER.

Room 17. 710 OLIVE STREET.

The music trade is coming to the end of the season and a falling off of business is noticeable. The Bauer Factory has discontinued a number of workers. The Matern-Wagner Co. have fitted up their warehouses in elegant style. Budget is sole agent of the Bohmer since now. A change was made among the employees of the music stores, owing to the refusal of one house to have a hall behind on the premises. It seems to become quite serious, as the papers have already commented on this "refusal." If this one house keeps open, all do, and that's where the "ill feeling" comes in. Employers should be liberal, the boys work harder! LAKE SHORE.

EMBARRASSING TO THE AMERICAN.

FRIEND of mine who spent some time in Berlin ten years or so ago told me to-day of an incident that occurred in which he and Materna played a conspicuous part. "Two or three of us young fellows," he said, "were in Berlin when Wagner was at work on his 'Valkyrie.' The Emperor expressed a desire to hear some selections from the work, and this was a big advantage for Wagner, who consented to have some portions sung by Materna and Niemann. The court retained a good portion of the tickets to the hall in which the affair was to take place, and the rest were sold to the various foreign legations in Berlin, and could be obtained by foreigners from their respective Ministers on the payment of a good round sum, which I suppose went into Wagner's pockets. "Well, we went to the American Legation and secured three tickets. On the day of the concert we went on an excursion into the country, and missed the train that we ought to have taken to reach the city in time to dress. The next train took us to Berlin, and there we were confronted by unpleasant alternatives. We were near the hall, and the concert would begin in a few minutes, but we were not dressed for an entertainment of this sort. My companions wore dark clothes, but I had on a suit of light tweed, which, being 'bottle-d' into the bargain, I knew would be too conspicuous altogether for a 'swell' concert in which the Emperor and the Court Representatives and foreign governments would make up the greater part of the audience. On the other hand, we could not go to our rooms at the other side of the city, dress and return inside of an hour and a half, and have decided to go to the concert as we were and take our chances of being refused admittance. We went all right, however, and were shown to our seats, which were up front but just around the corner of the stage, so that we couldn't see Wagner and the singers. The space in front of the stage was so as not to obstruct the view of the Emperor and the Court. The audience was of course, as brilliant a gathering as could be got together in any city in the world. We three fellows were sitting in chairs, and I proposed that we slide our chairs around the corner and in front of the stage, so that we could see the singers. We did this, and I sank as far as I could out of sight, expecting every moment to be thrown out of the hall.

"Well, we heard the 'Valkyrie' music and the excitement was great. Within four or five feet of where I was sitting were a few rather rickety steps leading up to the stage. Down these came the singers after the concert was over. The audience had been wrought to a high pitch of excitement by the wonderful music and the impassioned singing of Materna and Niemann. Shouts of applause rang through the hall, loads of flowers thrown on the stage, and Wagner was being crowned with a laurel wreath. When Materna was half way down the steps—you know what a big woman she is—she made a gesture as if she were afraid of falling, and as if she were in a danger of breaking. Instinctively I stepped forward to aid her, and, taking her hand, she stepped down safely. I felt no sensations when she took my arm, and we walked across the hall in front of the stage, and before the eyes of the court, the Emperor, the Empress, and two to bow in response to the cheers, and I cursing my boob-tailed coat under my breath, and wondering whether she took for a favored lady. It was a great experience for me, but Materna was so excited that she didn't know what she was doing."—Boston Transcript.

SOME FACTS ABOUT CORSETS.

Those who have prophesied that corsets were soon to go out of style, are likely to wait some time before their prophecy is fulfilled. The present sale of corsets amounts to over \$1,000,000 annually. The largest manufacturers are Wm. B. Dorrance, of New York and Chicago, who sold last year about two million corsets. The corsets manufactured by Wm. B. Dorrance are made with Corsettes in place of bones or whalebones, and are claimed to possess decided advantages in durability and healthfulness. Like every great success, the Corset has been extensively imitated by other manufacturers, so that ladies who wish the genuine Corset should be on the same WALKER BROTHERS is on the bottom of the box.



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COMICAL CHORDS.

THEY say that no brass band can play as many airs as a drum major can put on.

A WAS in Chicago calls his oldest daughter "Well Enough," because the young man let her alone.

"Don't give it a weigh," said the coal dealer to his clerk, as he drove out of the yard with a light ton.

"Do take some more of the vegetables, Mr. Blood, for they go to the pigs anyway."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A GIRL has been arrested while disguised as an old woman. The old woman disguised as a girl is still at large.

A FASHION item says that ladies are giving up the "bang," but we notice that a great many of the still bang on to the "powder."

AN Indiana man employs his divorced wife as a servant girl, and now she gets four more nights out a week than when she was his wife, and has more spending money.

ONE young man said to another: "It's a long way from this world to the next." "Oh, never mind, my dear fellow," said the other, "you'll have it all down hill."—*Free Press.*

A YOUNG lady who lately received a bouquet of roses was somewhat amused to find the donor's visiting card attached to it, written on the wrong side these words: "Not to exceed \$1."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"Why, how do you do?" exclaimed a gossiping lady to Mr. and Mrs. Butler, as they paused on the church steps; "do you know that Miss Higgins, our neighbor, is going to marry our first bass?" "What ball club does he belong to?" inquisitively queried Rattler. "The ladies conducted the conversation without his assistance."—*Boston Courier.*

ONE of our young men went into a clear store the other day for a few of his favorite brand, and as the Cashier Countess handed him his "Henry Clay" over the counter he observed:

"Henry Clay?" asked the Cashier.

"Isn't so?" replied the tender-hearted girl, "I've no sorry, for he did make good cigars."

"Do, indeed, keep away from the piano, please, Your most tempted playing tries me."

"Why, now, Charlie, you said only week before last that I was playing remarkably well."

"I know, indeed, but my judgment was immature. You do play some of Liszt's simple music quite well, but since I was in Boston my soul cries out for Wagner. I would learn the 'Wedding March' from 'Lohengrin' if I were you."

"I'll learn the wedding march from this home before you will. Yours will be music of the distant future."

Conversation followed by true sisterly silence.

"Prin you see this shoeing?" asked His Honor.

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Well, Judge, this gentleman and I were going along and the young man who was shot was whistling 'Sweet Violet' when, suddenly remembering himself, he exclaimed, 'Shoot him.' And my friend, being a very obliging person, shot him."

And are you sure the man was whistling 'Sweet Violet' at the time?

"Yes, Judge."

"The prisoner is discharged."

HENRY SATTERLEE, a stylishly-dressed youth, was arranged at Essex Market, New York, yesterday, for being drunk and disorderly.

"What did he do?" asked his honor.

"He was singing to a female cigar figure," said the officer.

"Do you remember what he was singing?"

"Yes, sir. He extended his arm to the figure and sang, 'Oaa you Forget me and Forget, Love!'"

"That will do. Young man, take \$10."

"Won't you hear me?" asked the youth.

"No. A man who sings such a song should get a year."

FORD's uncle ran up to town from the country and Ford took the old gentleman to the theatre. "Well, uncle," asked Ford, after the performance, "how did you like the play?" "Well, replied the bonnie relation, "the play wasn't as bad, but there's no more of it."

"Why, that didn't like much." "What was that?" asked the uncle. "That master of the orchestra. He set there all the time when fellows was a-playin', shaken his stick at 'em like all possessed, and for aught I could see, they was doing the best they knew how. I 'sposed they will have to take it, now the show's over, but he'd oughter 'a' been better than to threaten 'em right afore all the folks."—*Boston Transcript.*

BREDEY's side show: Remember that this is the only show having on exhibition the statesman who has gone out of politics, the Ohio man without an office and the original Garfield man; that we have here in a clause, one both the reformer who is working the reform act without a salary, and the private watchman standing on duty.

A church choir singing and living in perfect harmony, not having quarreled during the last fifteen minutes.

An actress with but one husband, her own and only; also will arrive per next steamer, and all the girls—also all spend out before your wondering eyes for the small sum of a quatuor-dinar.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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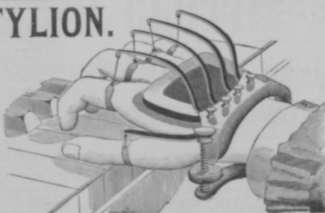
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THE BANJO IN 1884.

"The dealer in musical instruments was strumming on a profusely ornamented banjo. 'We can give you a more strictly professional one,' he remarked to his customer, but this style has the call for parlor use. The difference is that the stage banjo is even more heavily ornamented than this one—has more slide-screws and jewelry; the tone is the same."

"Why do the stage banjos sound louder?"

"Because profusion on the parlor banjo, bought by those who wear upon their right forehead. That practice would not be a good one while playing for a small party."

The customer decided on the parlor banjo, bought a bag for it and extra strings, and left \$22.50 with the dealer. "I'll carry it home myself," he said, as he took his departure.

The dealer turned to the reporter: "Ten years ago," said he, "you wouldn't catch such a man carrying a banjo in the daytime, but today this young fellow is proud to do it. The instrument is now in high favor, and to be able to rattle off 'Babylon is Falling,' or the 'Rattlesnake Jig,' is just the thing. Several fellows have carried banjos abroad in the past three years, and Parisians take to them. Some of our young ladies society are very fair players, and the picture of an American belle picking the banjo for a group of fashionable listeners, is by no means a caricature. This small style of instrument—which countrymen always take for a boy's banjo—was gotten up expressly for ladies, though gentlemen very often use them. It is the fact of women playing banjos which has so largely increased their popularity. They are the fashion. A gentleman doesn't like to take his banjo to a party, but when a lady produces one he considers it a fine opportunity to show his strength concerning the 'Swanee River' or 'Nodden's Johnnie.'"

If ladies had no banjo in the house these chances would not occur. Another reason for the popularity of the instrument is that it makes fun. People get tired of the stiff, technical, finished piano playing which ladies have carried to such an extreme. It bores them to make the effort to show discriminating appreciation of classical music. Yet the banjo fever has been raging all through the winter, and now that the recreating season is commencing we are having another upsurge in the excitement.

There are many forms and styles of banjos. I think there is little real difference in them. The main point is to have fine strings of good quality, and a good parchment head stretched as tightly as it will bear. You can make almost any properly arranged banjo talk if the skin is tight and hard. We can give you a very good banjo for \$7, as good as those sold for \$20.

"It is considered quite a nice thing for a young man to make a small banjo for his sweetheart. He buys the materials and works them up to suit his fancy. In these cases the article is likely to cost him about \$20. The latest idea in getting up a presentation banjo for a girl is to buy one ready made and inlay it with colored woods. There was a good deal of this done last winter, and some of the results were very pretty. If you buy a \$5 banjo, properly constructed, add pegs and tail piece of ivory, and do a little inlaying and carving, you will have an instrument worth from \$25 to \$40."

"The idea that the banjo is a prime favorite among our colored people is a popular error. The colored man will get on with a banjo for business purposes. He knows that people connect him with the instrument, and is willing to give up to their notion. But in his family the colored man plays something else. We sell them ten guitar strings to one banjo string. It is a curious consideration that the historic instrument of the troubadour should have almost ceased to be a society music-making machine, while the once lowly banjo is heard in the drawing room."

"For a music, it has less than abstract instrumental music, very sensibly says Maxon Dymally, undoubtedly obtains a more powerful way over the human heart from the fact that vocal expression ought to induce what I shall call 'a greater soul' into those transcendental rhapsodies of polyphony which we call music. Poetry there is a false name. It was upon that blinding flash of what Emerson calls 'inspired insanity' that the most important apprehension crystallized in music. Fortunately the composer therefore who finds a poem at first fire in his mind, suggesting at once the most beautiful varieties of form, and displaying some sense of perfect melody, is not a poet. The sense of melody for music is poetry which suggests more than it expresses, but which combines the most perfect rhythm of phrasing with the most complete absence of harshness, the sweetness or sugar in the verbiage: power without brutality, tenderness without effeminacy, passion without passion, clarity without clarity, outline, in the power of the composer to take up the poet's thought, as the eagle took up the dove, and to see with it, to most simplify, vivify, and intensify. All that the poet suggests must be approved by the musician; all that the musician suggests must be idealized. Anything less than this is not composing."

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but is also an instrument of real merit. It consists of a small elegantly designed case, with a curved glass front, as shown in the above cut.

By working the crank, wind is supplied to the instrument, and, at the same time, a perforated sheet of pasteboard is drawn through, which operates a set of slide valves, thereby producing the required tones.

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MAJOR AND MINOR.

Two works of great interest to musicians and lovers of music will shortly be published. One of these is "The Memoirs of Mario," and the other a biographical and critical work on Wagner, by M. Gounod.

"I am silly enough," writes us Mr. George T. Bulling, "to be writing a comic opera (*Jeux-Bois and Jeux*)! But I have a splendid libretto by a prominent newspaper man of this city. It is rich in fun, if I can only keep pounding him on to complete it."

Mlle. LOTTE LAUR is about to publish, at Vienna, a volume of "Reminiscences of Fourteen Years with Madame Adeline Patti." Mlle. Laur was the confidential friend and companion of Madame Patti for many years, down to the time of her judicial separation.

CHEVALIER ANTOINE DE KONSTEL, the famous Polish pianist, although no longer young, continues to great admiration for female beauty, and gives the palm to the Milwaukee girls. He stated to us, when he was in St. Louis recently, that he had never seen so many beautiful women assembled together as at a concert he gave in Milwaukee, nor so many homely ones as in Boston. What is the matter with the "Athens of America"—is it too much here?

M. GOUNOD's opera "Sapho" was revived with great success at the Paris Opera last month. This interesting early work of the composer of "Faust" was originally brought out as a three-act opera in 1851. It was then revised and curtailed, and in this form produced in the French capital, in two acts, seven years later. Once more remodelled and touched up by the hand of the mature master, the opera has now been presented again to French audiences as a four-act musical drama, with the result above indicated.

The French Society of Musical Composers have offered prizes for the following—(1) a septet, for piano and stringed or wind instruments; (2) the direction of the composition of five hundred francs, not awarded in 1881 (Priezel Wolf foundation); (3) a trio in four movements, for piano, violin and violoncello. Prize five hundred francs (Priezel Wolf foundation); (4) "Salve Regia" for mixed voices, with or without accompaniment. Prize of two hundred francs; (5) a symphonic poem, in one movement, for orchestra. Prize of five hundred francs.

A FRIEND of Sims Reeves, in his boyhood, says: "He was called 'Jack' when I knew him, and coarseness of voice which he calls himself Sims now. His father was sergeant in the military band in his native town, and clerk of the baronet's church, and was known to us little girls as 'the amen man.' Young Reeves used to sing then, and occasionally the ladies would laugh at the 'horrible face' he made when singing. His father once, noticing this, as he considered ill-bred music, said to the boys: 'You laugh at my Jack; his voice will be worth a guinea a minute to him one day!'—a prophecy which has certainly been verified."—*Musical Trade.*

The *Daily Times*, of Zanesville, O., speaking of a musical entertainment recently given in that place, pays the following compliment to a couple of our subscribers:

"The first number was given by Prof. Meising and his string quartet, with Miss Emma Winnick at the piano, and it is doubtful if ever this graceful style before. In this city at least. The next number, a song entitled 'Yes or No,' by Charles Kunkel, was one of the finest songs ever heard in this city, as sung by Miss Ella Winnick. By the long and rapturous applause that followed, it was evident the audience comprehended this sort of song. Miss Winnick was the recipient of a beautiful basket of flowers."

Two *Wagner Signals* contains the following paragraph, dated from Paris: "The musical world will be interested to learn something definite as to the fate of the *Tristan* and the *Ring*, of which Charles Gounod is at present engaged. The work in progress is entitled *Tristan et Yseult*, and is divided into several principal parts, representing respectively the eternal rest of the dead, a Requiem, a Dies Irae, and concluding with a *Valse* of St. John. Gounod, who already commenced sketching his ideas for the work some two years since, hopes to conclude it during the present year. The new *Tristan* will be first produced in 1885, at the Birmingham Festival, and after that at the Paris Festival, under the auspices of the Union Internationale, in 1886, each time under the personal direction of the composer."

We have an idea that the Chicago *Indicator* is meditating another transformation, this time into a comic paper. Recently it asked, with that gravity which adds so much to a joke: "Who is Carrylie Petersen?" Of course, the *Indicator* knew all the time that she is one of the best known and most meritorious musicians in the country and was just playing a joke upon the supposed ignorance of its readers. In the next issue it publishes an article on "Chicago as a summer resort," which is really pointed at the same of its readers. In the next issue it publishes an article on "Chicago as a summer resort," which is really pointed at the same of its readers. In the next issue it publishes an article on "Chicago as a summer resort," which is really pointed at the same of its readers.

Mr. Chas. Knorr has returned from the Philadelphia May Festival, and reports a very successful trip.

Mr. Chas. Knorr buried his father while in Philadelphia last week.

Now, you see that's the Chicago. In other words humorous style of saying "Mr. Chas. Knorr, a busy, bustling Chicagoan went to Philadelphia to sing at the May Musical Festival. While there, it occurred to him that the 'governor' was old enough to be buried, and so he set to work to bury him. He buried him, incidentally, buried him. Having thus succeeded in 'killing two birds with one stone,' he returned to Chicago with the smell of 'Araby' the best preserved in the Chicago river, and reported 'a very successful trip.' As a humorous paper, the *Indicator* seems to have a bright future."

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SMITH AND JONES.

Smith—Well, Jones, how are you succeeding in selling your jokes by subscription?

Jones—To tell you the truth, not very well. I got hold of the subscription list of the McCommon Quintette Club, and I thought I would get my subscribers to subscribe to my series of lectures; but they all seemed to think the McCommon comedians were all the jokes they could afford to pay for. But I've an idea which will be worth money to me. I have invented a machine that fills a long-felt want.

Smith—What is it?

Jones—It is called the Electro-Joker. I expect to get an order for at least one machine from the McCommon Quintette Club and hundreds of orders from all parts of the country and—

Smith—But what is it for?

Jones—Wait, I'm coming to that, but let me begin at the beginning.

Smith—Venus don't begin as near the finish as you can.

Jones—You are always saying disagreeable things, Smith, but when a man is the inventor of the Electro-Joker he can afford to be magnanimous; hence I forgive you. Now, listen. You know that quick, anticipatory, spontaneous applause helps a concert wonderfully. You know too that many concerts fail to secure it. This invention of mine will place under the control of the concert managers the demonstrations of their own audiences.

Smith—I see; good idea; McCommon Quintette ought to get one sure. But how does the old thing work?

Jones—It is simple enough in principle. A series of wires are run from the stage to each seat in the hall and so arranged as to touch the auditors in the neighborhood of the spine. These wires can be connected, singly or in rows or all together with an electric battery, the connection being made by means of a key board by which the amount of electricity can also be regulated. Now, a dry selection is played by the McCommon Quintette Club which would, ordinarily, have its ordinary soporific effect. The audience can be allowed to go to sleep, which would save them any appearance of earnest, respectful attention, then as the last chord is struck one of the players, or a small boy hired for the purpose, make connection with the control of the operator. Oh, it's a great thing. I tell you.

Smith—Will there be sufficient demand to make it pay?

Jones—Think of all the Quinette Clubs and Musical Societies in the world, that will thus be able to get applause at the right time and at such a high price. Think of the churches where the congregation can be awakened noiselessly just in time for the sermon. Think of the *Musical Courier* who can now be kept awake while patting his column as sleep or turn on the full force of the battery. No, don't think of them, for there are too few amounts to anything, think, well, think, and I think the more you think you I think this thing is a big thing.

ARTEMUS WARD'S PROGRAMME.

WE have before us a relic of Artemus Ward. It is one of the programmes of his "Among the Mormons" entertainment, dated Sandusky, May 8, (probably 1864).

We copy a few specimens:

"The music on the grand piano will comprise, 'Dear mother, I've come to die by request,' etc. 'Wash the land of Silver'—Good quarters to be found there. Playful population, fond of high-low jack and homicide." "Kind C. Kimball's Harem—Mr. Kimball is a poor husband and numerous father." "Selection from the Grand Piano—Mr. Forester—Mr. Forester once boarded in the same street with Gottschalk. The next week kept the boarding house remembers it." "Those of the audience who do not feel offended with Artemus Ward are cordially invited to call upon him often at his new house in Chicago. His house is on the right hand side as you cross the ferry, and may be easily distinguished from the other houses by its having a sign and a mortgage on it." "Answers to correspondents: Laura Matilda—I have an unfortunate tendency, even on trivial occasions, to shed tears. How can I prevent it? 'Look up the sheet.' Traveller—How long was Artemus Ward in California? 'Five feet ten and a half.' Citizen—I am getting bald. What will make my hair come out? 'Oil of vitriol will make all your hair come out.' Rules of the house: Ladies and gentlemen will please report any negligence or disobedience to the part of the lecturer. Artemus Ward will not be responsible for money, jewelry, or valuables, unless left with him; to be returned to the owner at the expense of the hall. They will enjoy themselves more by leaving the hall early in the evening, are requested to do so with as little noise as possible."—*Cleveland Plaindealer*.